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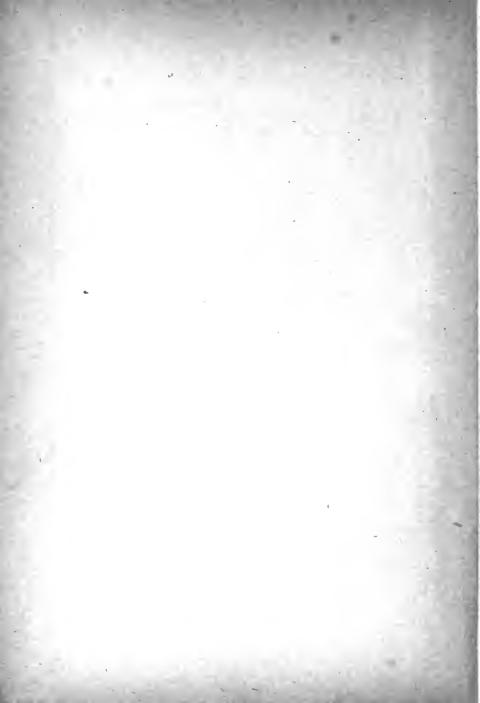
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SONGS OF JUL

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# LOVE AND PRAISE.

- No. 3. --

FOR USE IN

#### MEETINGS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP OR WORK.

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JOHN J. HOOD,

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<sup>&</sup>quot;Love is the golden chain that binds the happy souls above."

HE love of God, all human love transcending,
Fondest and purest, sweetest and the best;
Without beginning, it shall have no ending,
Descending from, and leading to, the blest;
Royal—enrobed in all-enduring splendor,
Grieved by neglect, yet in forgiveness tender.

Bound, ransomed hearts! High joy excludes the sadness.
All tongues enthused, extol eternal love;
Enwreathed with smiles comes tripping sunlit gladness,
Each blessed note an echo from above.
While "Songs of Love and Praise," mingling together,
Increase the bliss of heaven, always, FOREVER!

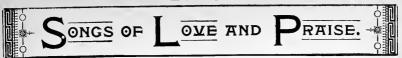
E. H. STOKES

Ocean Grove, N. J.

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THE PUBLISHER.







#### They'll Soon be G'er .- concluded.



wild the breakers roar, And in its beams the words we trace.

Life's dream will soon be o'er.

points to yonder shore. While on its beams the words we trace, Life's cares, etc. joys that come no more, Look up and read the blessed words, Life's tears, etc.



O to Abide in Jesus. 5 FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. O to abide in Je-sus, O to be his a lone; Close to the fount of
- 2. O to abide in Je sus, Never to faint nor fall; Clinging to him who
- 3. O to be more like Je sns, Earnest whene'er I pray; In- to his perfect





blessing, Close to my Saviour's throne. O for an earnest longing, In- to his loves me, Trusting my all in all.

- O for a heart to praise him, O for a
- likeness Growing from day to day.
  - O for a faith to bear me, Ever with

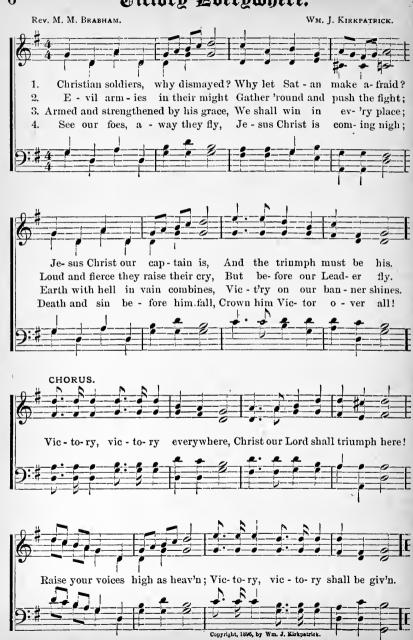




life to grow; O for a deeper yearning, More of its joy to know. tongue to sing Glory to him who saves me, Jesus my Lord and King. tireless wing, Home where the blest are waiting, Home where the angels sing.



#### Victory Everywhere.



## He is Able to Deliver Thee.



#### 8 As Far as the Bast is From the West.









Far from the fold:

MySaviour sought me where I wandered, Gave me his wealth untold.

All bonds of sin and Satan rending. Christ made me whole:

I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending, When Jesus saved my soul.

2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered, | 3 All round my way the sun is shining. Darkness has fled:

On Jesus' breast I am reclining, Daily by him I'm fed.

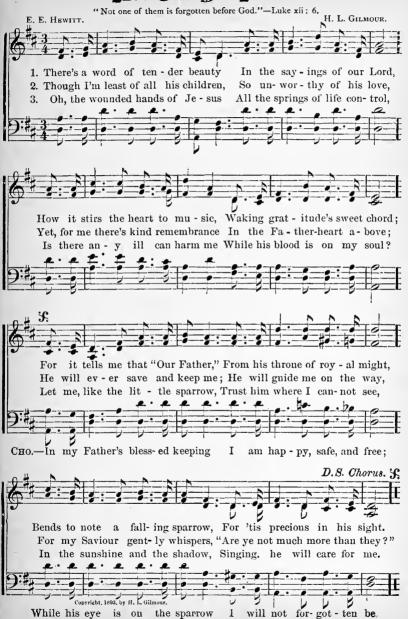
My Lord has cast his robe around me, No more I'll roam;

The Shepherd of the sheep has found me, Jesus has brought me home.



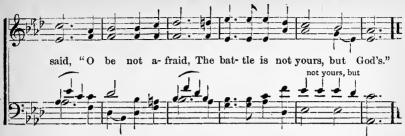


#### Not One Forgotten.



#### Victory Through Jesus.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."-I Cor. xv: 57. IDA L. REED. Cho. by H. L. G. 1. Vict- 'ry shall be ours thro' Je - sus, This our bat - tle cry; 2. Vict- 'ry thro' our Lord and Sav - iour, O - ver ev - 'ry foe; 3. Vict- 'ry shall be ours thro' Je - sus, 0 ver ev - 'rv wrong; We will trust his pow'r so As gra - cious, the days go by. This the promise of his fa - vor, He will strength bestow. Thro' his strength and grace we'll glad-ly Sing the vic-tor's song. 4 Nothing in ourselves a - vail - eth, But the Saviour's arm nev-er For the conflict he will befriend us, Grace and mercy will e'er at-Onward then, no e - vil we're fear - ing, Strengthened by his presence so fail - eth, O- ver ev'ry wrong he prevail - eth, Thro' his might we'll win. tend us. Overcoming strength he will send us, Thro' his might we'll win. We will go, his banner still bearing, Thro' his might we'll win. cheering CHORUS. Vic-tory thro' Jesus, vic - to-ry, Thanks be unto God, For thus hath he glad victo- ry, Copyright, 1896, he H I, Gilmon







#### Live Like the Master.

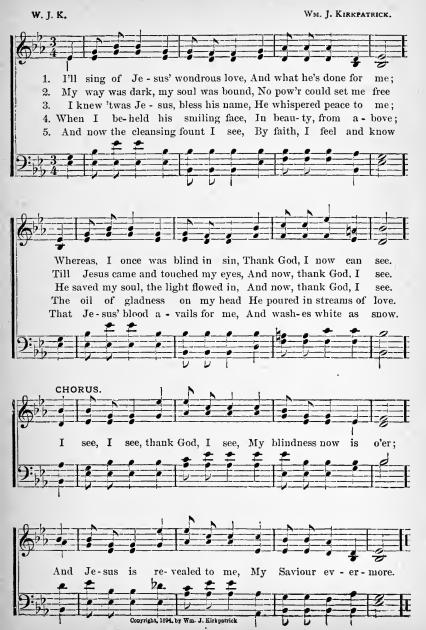




## Jesus Receiveth Sinners.



- 5 Your faith may triumph over doubt,
  Jesus receiveth sinners;
  - Then with the ransom'd you can shout,
    Jesus receiveth sinners.
- 6 I now believe the blood's applied, Jesus receiveth sinners; I'm trusting in the crucified, Jesus receiveth sinners.



# Faith is the Tictory.

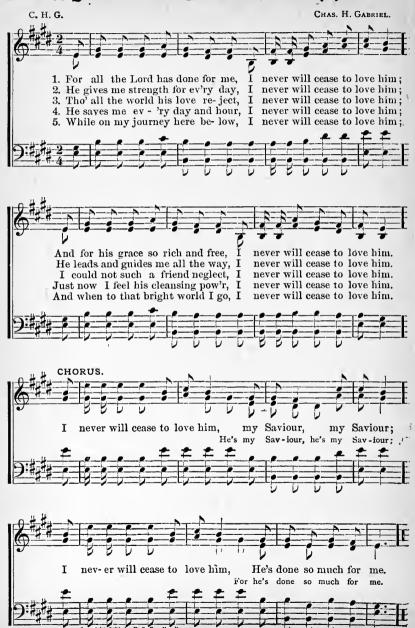
20 JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY. 1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise, And His ban- ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray; We Let To him that o - vercomes the foe, White raiment shall be givin; press the battle ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies; Against the foe in tread the road the saints above With shouts of triumph trod; By faith they, like a tents of ease be left behind, And onward to the fray; Sal-vation's helmet fore the angels he shall know His name confessed in heaven; Then onward from the vales below, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic- to- ry we know. whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev'ry field; The faith by which they conquered death on each head, With truth all girt about, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, CHORUS. That overcomes the world. Faith is the vic- to-ry! Faith is the Is still our shining shield. And ech- o with our shout. In Jesus' conqu'ring name.

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#### faith is the Tictory.--concluded.







The cares and the fears of the day;

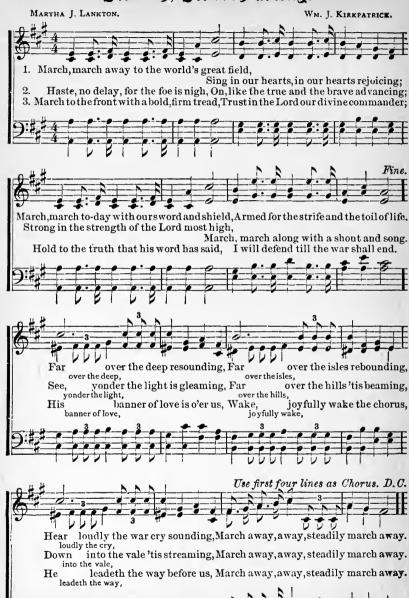
I ask not what comes with the morrow, The Victor within will not fail me, For Jesus is in me to stay.

5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow, |6 Let Satan and man now assail me, Let death lay me low in the grave; What more can I pray for, or have?

### Overflowing Measures.

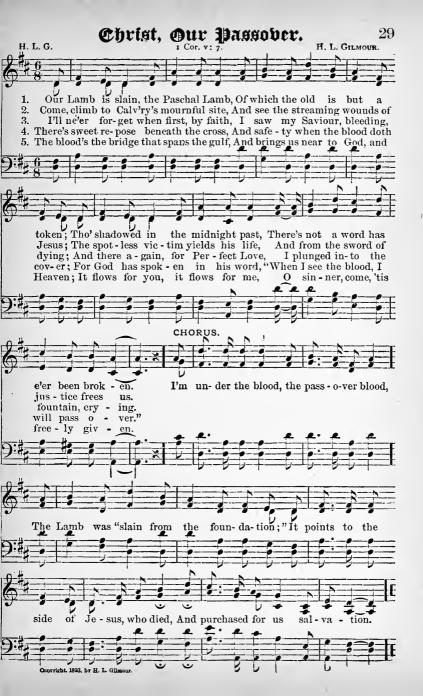
24 "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over."-LUKE vi : 38. ROBERT LOWRY. E. E. HEWITT. 1. Press'd and running over-'Tis our Father's way; O- verflowing measures O- verflowing measures Of the peace of God; Love, like summer sunshine, O- verflowing measures, Not for self a- lone; True and faithful service 3. Will his grace display; Riv- ers of sal- vation From the cross outpour; Sweetly shed a-broad; Pow'r to use for Je-sus, In our dai-ly task, Will his bounty own; Ev-'ry gift is doubled, To anoth - er lent, CHORUS. Hast thou found a blessing? Ask for more and more. O - ver - flowing, Freely hath he promised; Let us free - ly ask. Like the cruse un-failing, Growing as 'tis spent. Grace abundant - ly! O - ver- flowing From the cross for thee; thee.













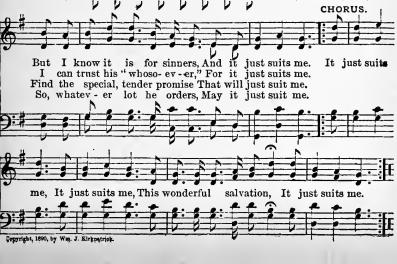
E. E. HEWITT.

Far To

For Can

No,

Now





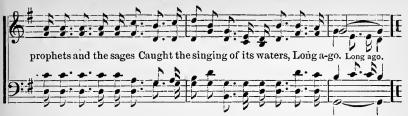


Love and Praise, 3-

34 The Old Fountain. EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By Samaria's way-side well Once a blessed message fell On a
 And a lit - tle captive maid, By a lep - er undismayed, Told to
 And a woman in a crowd, Without word or cry a-loud, Just stoop'd woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were seal'd Was the him a simple story, Long ago; That the stream where he might lave Had adown and touch'd his garment, Long ago; As her urgent soul appeal'd, So her glorious light reveal'd, Thro' a fountain that was open'd Long a - go. lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go. sinful soul was heal'd, In that fountain that was open'd Long a - go. CHORUS. There's a fountain that was opened Long a - go, Long a - go. For the healing of the nations Is its flow; A-long the line of a-ges The

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#### The Old Fountain.—concluded.



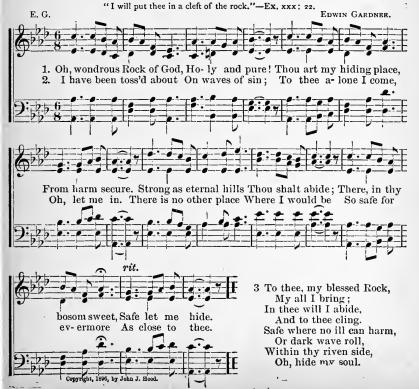
4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;

As the outward seal and sign Of an inward work divine,

- That was wrought through that old Long ago. [fountain,
- 5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
  Flowing from the wounded side
  That was pierced for our redemption,
  Long ago;
  In thy ever-cleansing wave
  There is found all pow'r to save.

There is found all pow'r to save,
'Tis the pow'r that heal'd the nations,
Long ago.

# Oh, Wondrous Rock!



Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR. 1. An offering now of praise I'll bring, I'm wondrously saved to - day; 2. I'll praise the Lord for grace divine, I'm wandrously saved to - day, 3. I'll praise him for his guiding hand, I'm wondrously saved to - day, 4. I'll praise him for his keeping pow'r, I'm wondrously saved to - day, Let ev - 'ry ransomed sin - ner sing, I'm wondrously saved to - day. that saved and cleansed this heart of mine, I'm wondrously saved to - day. That leads me thro' this hos-tile land, I'm wondrously saved to - day. That bore me np in sorrow's hour, I'm wondrously saved to - day. CHORUS. My sins are all tak - en a -Saved, . . . saved, ... Wondrously saved, blessed-ly saved. I'm washed in the blood, all glory to God, I'm wondrously saved to-day.

5 I'll praise him with my dying breath, 6 And then I'll praise him up in heav'n, I'm wondrously saved to-day, Who saved from Satan, sin and death,

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I'm wondrously saved to-day.

I'm wondrously saved to-day, [giv'n, Where blood-washed robes and harps are I'm wondrously saved to-day.









42 The Grand old Ark. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."-GEN. vii: 1. C. H. M. Mrs C. H. Morris. 1. See the ark of God, on the waters launch'd, While the waves are tossing high; 2. Like the wand'ring dove, no rest you'll find In the wild, dark waste of sin; 3. Many million souls on her decks now stand. And millions coming still: 4. O, the grand old ark, she will still sail on, Till the storms of life are past; To her broad, firm deck for safe- ty flee, No oth - er ref - uge nigh. And Christ at the window waiting stands, To take the poor wand'rers in. For the Captain's voice o'er the sea resounds," Come, all, whosoev- er will. Then with Christ our Captain at the helm, She'll en- ter the port at last. will," last. CHORUS. yes, they're coming, They are coming, They are coming to To the ark. to to - night: Like doves to their windows they are They are com - ing, flocking, They are coming to the ark night.

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45



In the sunshine, blessed sunshine, I am walking, I am walking in the light.

In the sunshine,



#### The Joy of Knowing Jesus.



- 1. Oh, the joy of knowing Je-sus, "Thou art mine," I hear him say;
- 2. Oh, the joy of knowing Je sus, Now he cap ti- vates my soul;
- 3. Oh, the joy of knowing Je sus, Fellowship with heaven's King 4. Oh, the joy of knowing Je sus, What new glories 'round me rise



And my hap- py soul's re-sponding, "I am thine, all thine for aye."

All my be-ing thrills with rapture At the touch that makes me whole.

Is a priv - i - ledge so precious I would ceaseless praises sing.

As I tread with him the pathway, Onward, upward to the skies.



D. S.-Hal-le-lu-jah, he's my Saviour, And the witness doth bestow.



Oh, the joy of knowing Je - sus, This my boast where'er I go;
Oh, the joy This my boast



- 5 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus,
  Every wondrous promise mine,
  And by these I am partaken,
  Of the strength, and power divine.
- 6 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus, When the fires around me glow, Then how intimate the glory; Thus, I more of Jesus know.







Beware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!



# Brought Back.

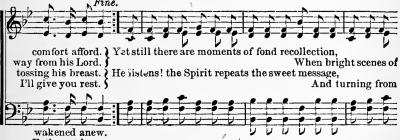


How restless the soul of the wand'rer from Jesus! No spot in the wide world can Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his folly, Still farther and farther a-His soul in sad exile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning convictions are He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that labor, and

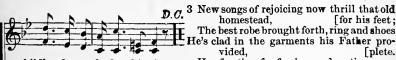


D. C.—And chords of "sweet home," that have long been reposing,

By fingers upseen are a-D.C.He ventures in weakness, but strength is imparted, And gladly he's welcomed by



Father at home.



childhood come fresh to his view,

fol - ly no longer to roam,

vided. Has feasting for famine, and resting com-Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to

the Saviour,

homestead,

He patiently lingers to lavish his love; His arm is outstretched to rescue the needy, And bring you to mansions he's promised above.

The best robe brought forth, ring and shoes

for his feet:

E. E. HEWITT.

O Blessed Hope. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No yeil will hide my Saviour's face;
- 3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like broken dreams, shall pass away; 4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's advent bells shall chime;





It wakes a song with- in the soul, Till heav'nly hal-le-lujahs roll. He'll own me ev - ermore as his, And I shall see him as he is. His spot-less beau-ty I shall wear, His perfect joy and glo-ry share. The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him rejoice!



Belov- ed, belov- ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not yet appear



What we shall be; But we know that when he shall appear, We know that when



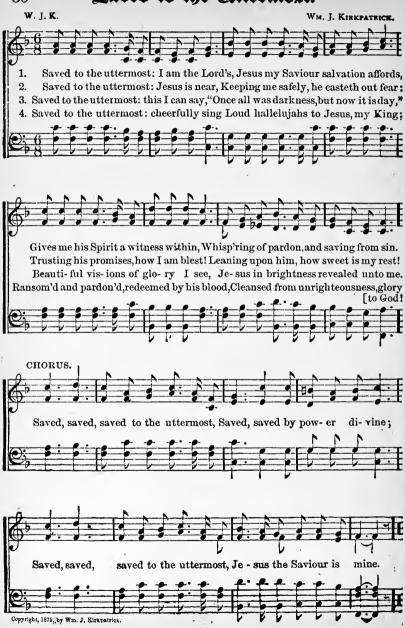


he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be like him;

For we shall see him as he is, Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J Kirkpatrick.

#### O Blessed Hope.—concluded.









Keep Close to the Rock.



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I'm filled with unspeakable joy, And shout as I go on my way

## o for a Soul-Refreshing Your!

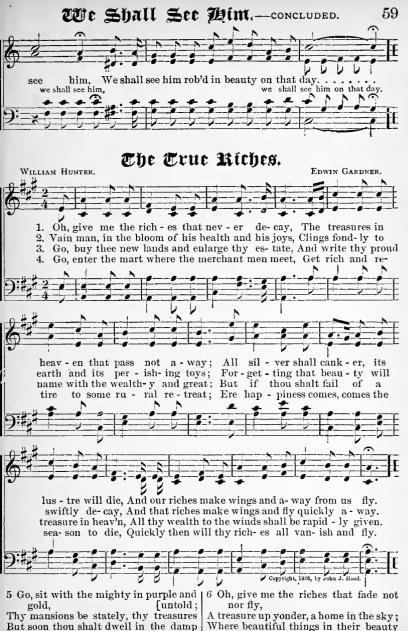


# Bright, Beautiful Story.









still stay, house of clay, [selves and away. While thy riches make wings to them- And where riches ne'er fly from the bless-





Knowing that it leads aright,
Finding every step defended
By my Saviour's love and might,

6 Henceforth, hand in hand together, Happy will the journey be, Walking with my "Elder Brother," Till his blessed home I see,



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; near- er, near- er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.





### The Sweet Beulah Land.

"Let us go up at once and possess it;" Nu. xiii: 30.















5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be, He's just the same Jesus As when he hushed the raging sea, Oh, blessed day for you and me!

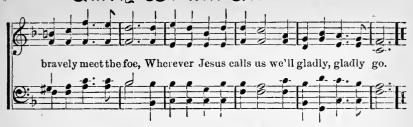
The very same Jesus.

Oh, blessed day for you and me! The very same Jesus.





#### Gladin The will Go.—concluded.



### Prevailing Prayer.

"For as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed." Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS. H. L. GILMOUR.



- 1. Come. Holy Ghost, thy temple claim, And now therein set up thy throne;
- The carnal mind within me slay, From inbred sin, oh, set me free;
- 3. Thy nature, Lord, to me impart, Thy boundless grace and mercy prove;





With fires of love my soul inflame, And make and seal me all thine own. Hear thou my cry, turn not away, But come and live thy life in me. Make me this moment pure in heart, And fill me with thy perfect love.



**D.S.**—The blood! the blood! the precious blood! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me,



4 'Tis done! the gracious work divine! | 5 Now, O my soul, his praises sing, My fervent prayer prevail. with God; Pardon and purity are mine,

Thro' faith in Christ's atoning blood.

And to the world his love proclaim: Your trophies to his footstool bring. And shout hosanna to his name.





night be-gins to wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore.

5 Heave out your boat, I too will go, If you can find me room.

There's room for you, and all who will,
Make no delay to come.

[storm

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

6 We've looked astern, through many a The Lord has brought us through; We're looking now ahead, and lo!

The land appears in view.

- 7 The sun is up, the clouds are gone, The heavens above are clear,
  - A city bright appears in sight, We soon shall round the pier.
- 8 And when we all are landed safe, On that celestial plain,

Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb That was for sinners slain."









# 80 When for Me the Sunlight Gleams.



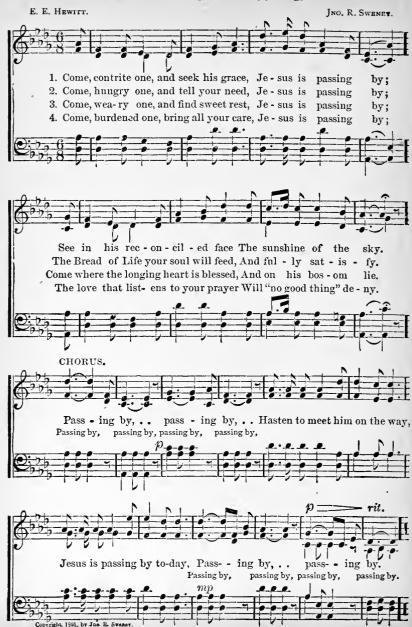
The Beavenly Pilot. 81 H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR. With Jesus in the vessel, we can laugh at storm, Take the Pilot in, 2. This Jesus walks the billows with a cong'ring tread, Take the Pilot in, 3. He'll guide amid the breakers of a friendless world, Take the Pilot in, 4. And when we reach the haven, on the glassy sea, Take the Pi-lot in, take the Pilot in; Tho' sleeping on a pillow, yet he saves from harm, take the Pilot in; Inspiring songs of trust, tho' clouds are over-head, take the Pilot in; And help us anchor safely, with our sails all furled, take the Pilot in; We'll sing our happy rescue thro' e - ter - ni - ty, CHORUS. Take the heav'nly Pilot in. Take the Pi - lot, take the Pi - lot, For the Take the heav'nly Pilot in. Take the heav'nly Pilot in. With the heav'nly Pilot in. Take the heav'nly Pilot in, Take, oh, take him in, reefs are close at hand, He'll bring us safe to land. Tho' the threat'ning storms may cause alarm,

Love and Praise 3-F





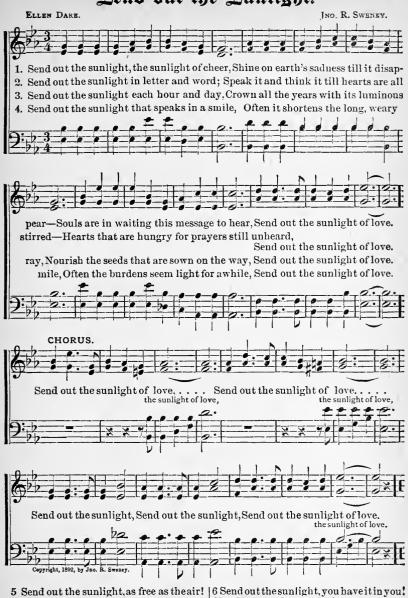
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Blessings will follow with none to compare, [spair! Blessings of peace, that will rise from de-Send out the sunlight of love.

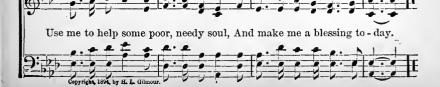
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view; [come true, Pray for its presence! your prayer will Send out the sunlight of love.

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#### Make Me a Blessing To-day.

"Lord bless me, and make me a blessing."-Rev. D. B. Updegraff.





# 'Tis Everything to Me.

E. E. Hewitt. (In answer to the hymn, "Is it Nothing to You?")

JNO. R. SWENEY.

- 1. The love of God to sinners, his "ev-er-lasting love," 'Tis everything to 2. The grace that never fails me, "sufficient" every day, 'Tis everything to
- 3. To know that I may serve him, his fellow-worker here, 'Tis everything to
- 4. To know I have a mansion prepared for me on high, 'Tis everything to





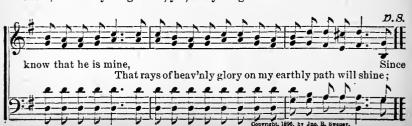
me, yes, everything to me; It brought the Lord my Saviour from radiant realms ame, yes, everything to me; A song in nights of sorrow, a star to guide my me, yes, everything to me; To go up- on his errands, to tell his words of me, yes, everything to me; That there I'll be with Jesus, beyond the sunset



D. S .- 'round this blessed Saviour my best affections



twine, He's everything to me, yes, everything to me.



Is it Mothing to You? Suggested on hearing the sermon by Rev. B. Fay Mills, from the text, "Is it nothing to you?"
La. i: 12, preached at the Ocean Grove Auditorium, Aug. 24, 1894. MYRON W. Morse, and FANNY J. CROSBY. INO. R. SWENEY. 1. Our blessed Redeemer is passing this way, Is it nothing to you, is it 2. The Master is calling, oh, list to his voice, Is it nothing to you, is it 3. You region so lovely, where all will be song, Is it nothing to you, is it nothing to you? Oh, hear him this moment so ten-der-ly say, nothing to you? Awake from your slumber, believe and rejoice, Is it nothing to you? The Saviour's glad welcome, the glorified throng, Are they it nothing you? There is life for a look is nothing, is it nothing to you? The sands of your life are fast an- gels are there, brother, nothing, are they nothing yon? The cru - ci-fied One, There is life for a look at the Father's own Son; Oh, pass- ing a- way, Oh, haste, quickly haste, ere the close of the day, Rewhere will you be?—'Tis time that you halted on life's restless sea, And hasten just now, to the dear Saviour come, Is it nothing, is it nothing to you? pent and receive him, oh do not delay, Make it something, make it something to you.

settled this question: "Did Christ die for me?" Is it nothing, is it nothing to you?







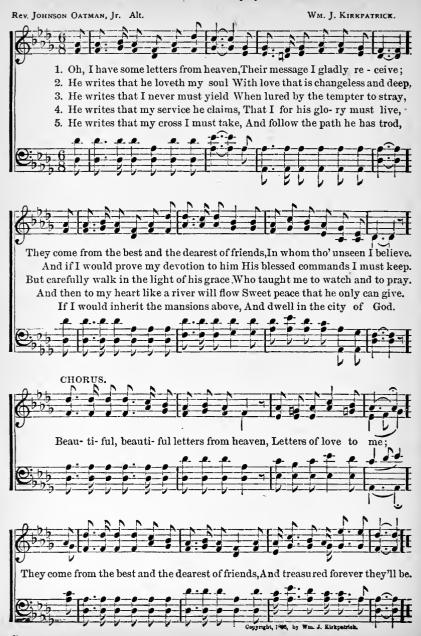


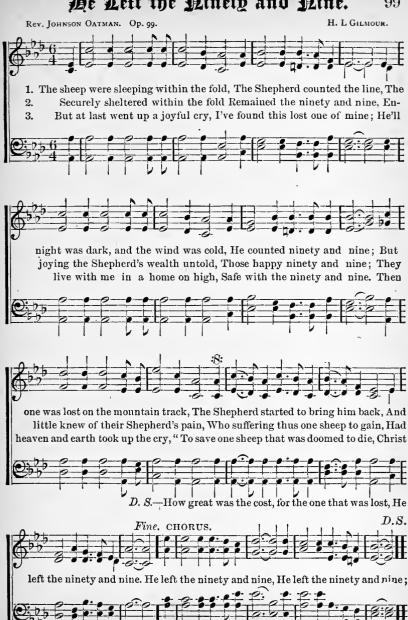


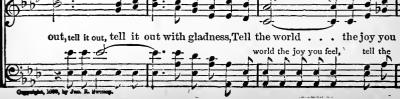
Living by the Moment. 97 WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. E. E. HEWITT. Liv- ing by the moment, trusting ev - 'ry hour, Strengthen'd by my
 Liv- ing by the moment 'neath the mighty flow, Making stains of Je - sus bears my 3. Liv-ing by the moment, cast-ing care a - way, Saviour's keeping pow'r; Guided by his Spir- it toward the home above, crimson like the snow; Walking in the sunlight shining more and more, burdens, day by day; From the streams of blessing, mercy's boundless tide, Praise his ever- lasting love. Living by the moment, trusting all the while, From the blessed golden shore. Ev'ry need shall be supplied. Hap- py, ev - er hap- py in my Saviour's smile; Liv- ing by the moment, trusting all the while, Hap-py, ev - er hap-py in the Saviour's smile.

Love and Praise, 3-G

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# Tell it Out with Gladness.—concluded.101



### Lord, K'm Coming Yome.



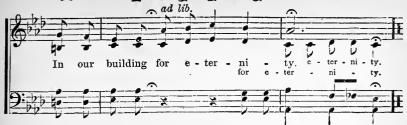
- 5 My only hope, my only plea, Now I'm coming home, That Jesus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
- 6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
  Now I'm coming home;
  Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
  Lord, I'm coming home.



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#### Building Day by Day .- CONCLUDED.

103



### Wash Mec, O Lamb of God.

H. B. BEEGLE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; I long to be like thee,
3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; I will not, cannot rest
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; By faith thy cleansing blood





Oh, make me clean; Purge me from every stain, Let me thine image gain, All pure within; Now let the crimson tide Shed from thy wounded side Till pure within; All human skill is vain, But thou canst cleanse each stain, Now makes me clean. So near thou art to me, So sweet my rest in thee,



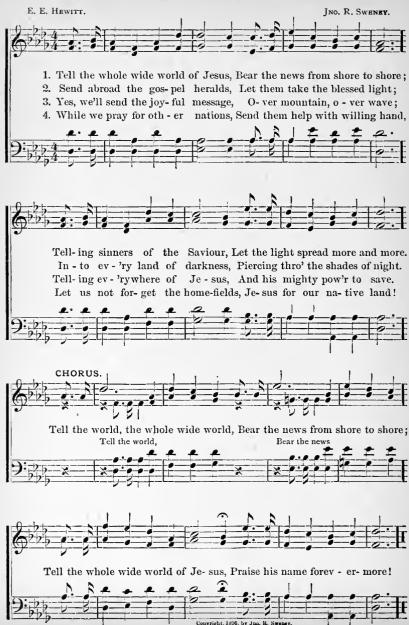


In love and mercy reign O'er all within. Be to my heart applied, And make me clean. Till not a spot remain, Made wholly clean. Oh, blessed purity! Saved, saved from sin.

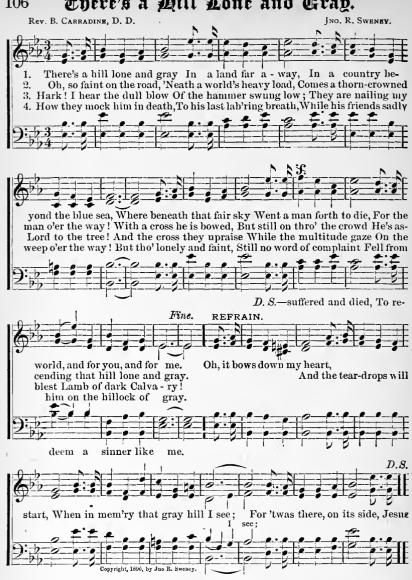
5 Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; Thou, while I trust in thee,

Wilt keep me clean; Each day to thee I bring Heart, life, yea, everything; Saved while to thee I cling, Saved from all sin.









5 Then the darkness came down, And the rocks rent around, And a cry pierced the sad-laden air! 'Twas the voice of our King,

Who received death's dark sting, All to save us from endless despair! 6 Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel apace, Over men who their Saviour have slain! But, behold! from the sod, Comes the blest Lamb of God,

Who was slain, but is risen again!



#### Let the Zunshine In.



### Happy in a Saviour's Love.





Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



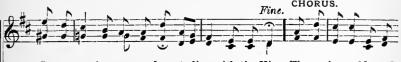
- 1. I'm as happy as can be, for I'm go-ing home, Shortly over land and 2. With these eyes my blessed King I shall soon behold, With this voice I soon shall
- 2. With these eyes my diessed King I shall soon behold, with this voice I soon shall 3. Oh, how joyful it will be when I reach that land, Dear old comrades I shall
- 4. So, tho' pleasure with her smiles would entreat me stay, And tho' deep and heavy





sea I will no more roam; My house is now all ready where the joy bells ring, sing on the streets of gold; My soul is pressing onward like a bird on wing, see in that blood washed band; I soon will be among them and forever sing, trials would impede my way, I'll count them all as nothing, but will onward spring;





I am go-ing up yonder to live with the King. Then vain world good-





by, I am going home, From that blessed land on high I will no more roam,



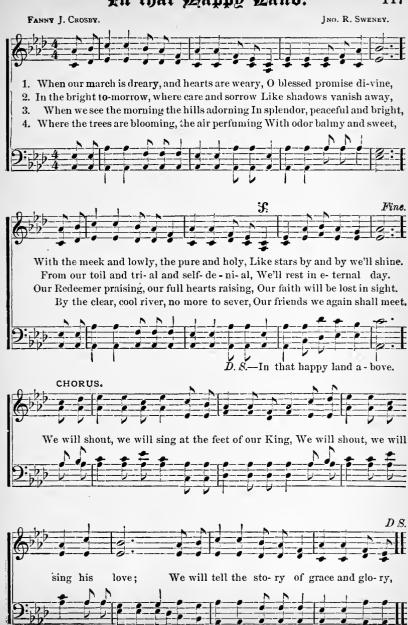


Longing for the Fulness. 113Mrs. L. N. Morris. L. N. M. 1. There are heights and depths of mercy That I nev - er yet have known; Blessed Saviour, in thy mer - cy Thou hast cleansed my heart from sin, 3. Love, all hu- man love ex- cell- ing, Love as boundless as the sea; 4. When I reach the courts of glo-ry, And be-hold the Cru-ci - fied; Plains of glo - ry, wide out-stretching, Where my soul hath nev- er gone. But that sacred place, most ho - ly, I have nev - er entered in. Lord, un-fold the gates of glo - ry, And re-veal this love to me. I shall see him and be like him, I shall then be sat - is - fied. I am longing for the fulness, For the ful-ness of thy love; Now descend and rest up- on me, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove.









we will sing his love:

L. H. EDMUNDS. Spanish







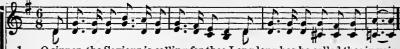


#### Over the Dead-Line.

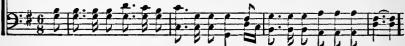
When urging an exceedingly wicked man to flee from the wrath to come, I was met by this statement: "I was brought up to honor God, and I have ended by hating him; I have blasphemed his name, and resisted his Spirit until I can no longer repent or believe, if there is a dead-line to God's grace I have drifted over it, and am lost."—W. G. M.

VIRGINIA W. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.



- 1. O sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee, Long, long has he called thee in vain;
- 2. O sinner, thine ears have been deaf to his voice, Thine eyes to his glory been dim;
- 3. O sinner, the Spirit is striving with thee; What if he should strive never more,
- 4. O sinner, God's patience may weary some day, Andleave thy sad soul in the blast;





He called thee when joy lent its crown to thy days, He called thee in sorrow and pain. The calls of thy Saviour have so wearied thee, Oh, what if they should weary him? But leave thee alone, in thy darkness to dwell, In sight of the heavenly shore? By willful resistance you've drifted away, O- ver the dead-line at last.





O turn, while the Saviour in mercy is waiting, And steer for the harbor light;





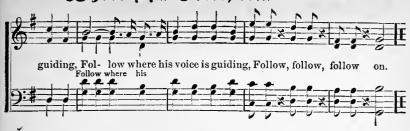
For how do you know but your soul may be drifting Over the dead-line to-night?





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# Be Strong.



- 1. Be strong, O Christian soldiers, Lay not our armor down; Hold fast our faith un-
- 2. Rejoice, O Christian soldiers, Our watchword pass along; Till rank by rank, with
- 3. March on, O Christian soldiers, Our great Commander, near, Now waves aloft a
- 4. Look up, O Christian soldiers, Our time is waning fast; The cares our hearts op-





daunted, Let no one take our crown. A few more foes to conquer, A few more vigor, Takes up and swells the song.

signal That tells us not to fear.

pressing Will not forev-er last.

A few more foes to conquer,

125

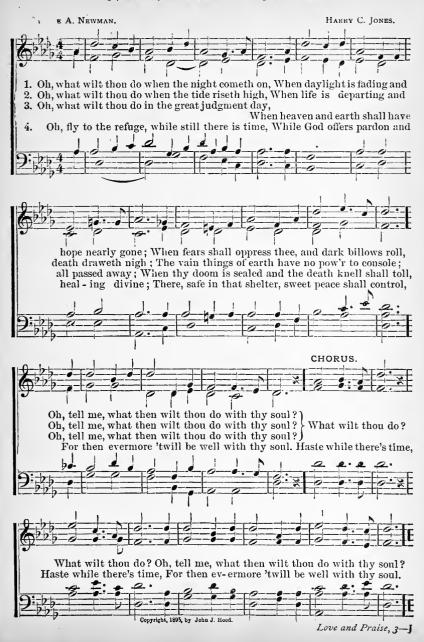


A few more storms to meet:















- 6 Out of death to endless life, Up from all the sin and strife; Clothed upon with white array, Jesus guides me all the way.
- 7 Up before the throne of gold, I shall know a joy untold; With the blood-washed I will say. Jesus guided all the way.

















5 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows,

A free, full salvation-as ev'ry one knows? Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee, The blood of my Saviour was shed there for thee.

6 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer me to-day, [away, His love and his kindness can ne'er fade In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain, [same His love and affection are always the

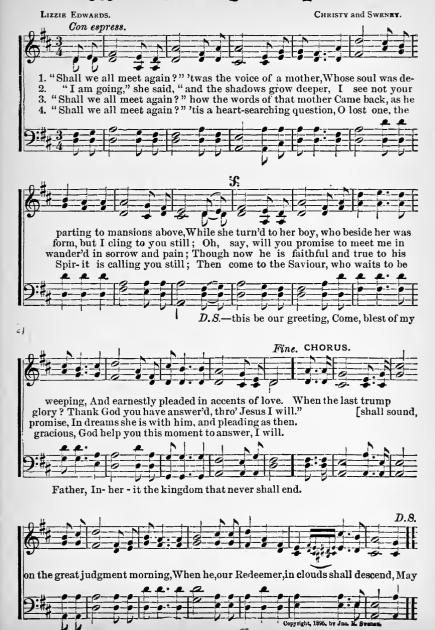
## Shall & Turn Back?







### Shall We All Pacet Again?









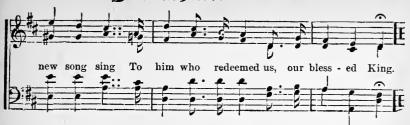


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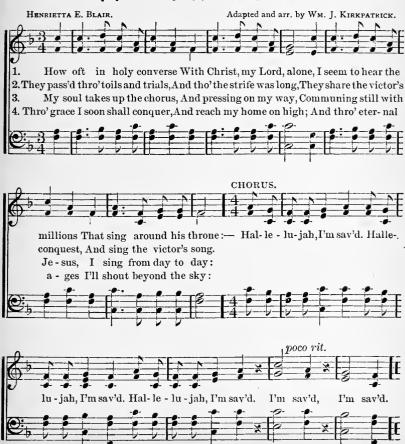








### Wallelujah, F'm Saved.



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\*Ten. and Bass sing upper large notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

# F Know that My Redeemer Lives. 151



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#### Love Found Me.

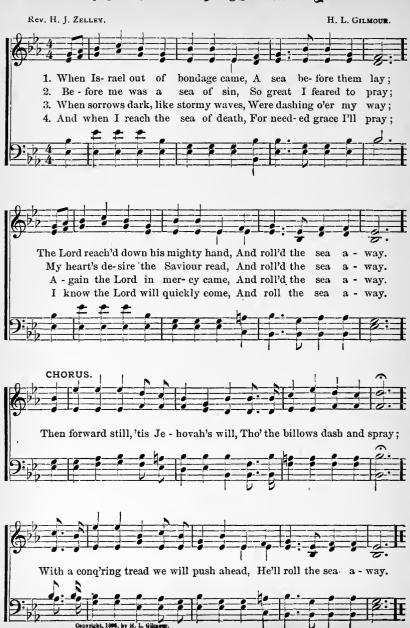


#### Zaviour, F am Coming.







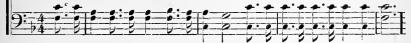


L. H. EDMUNDS.

FRANCES BURGETTE SHORT.



- 1. I will lift up mine eyes unto heaven, To the hills of Zion bright and fair:
- 2. I will bear to the throne every sorrow, And on him my burdens I will roll:
- 3. I will ask for the power of his Spirit, 'Tis the wondrous overcoming power.
- 4. Now with songs, happy songs, let me praise him, For his tender mercies unto me;





Jesus says all I need shall be given, When I seek his face in humble prayer. He'll be with me on each coming morrow, And his blessed peace will fill my soul.

O, what riches his children inher - it, O what gifts are offered every hour! Till with bright hosts above, I shall raise him, Hymns of everlasting jubilee.





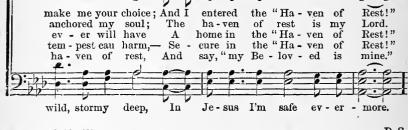
Freely mine! When my heart I resign; Freely mine! Joy divine! Freely mine! Freely mine!

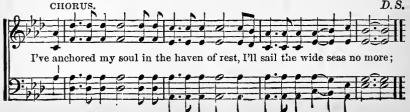




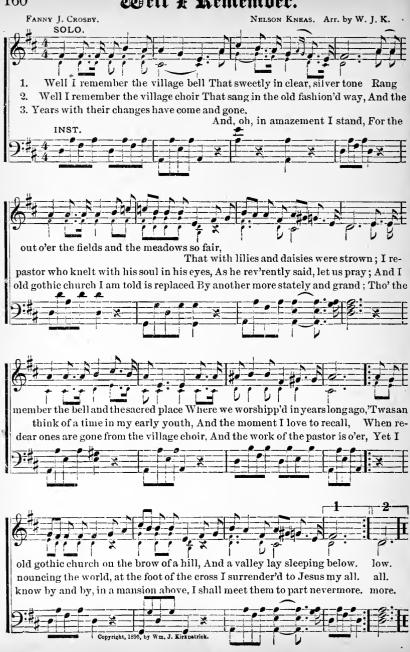
Freely mine, Precions tokens of love, Bought by him who died and lives above.











Love and Praise. 3-L







- 4 He guides my feet along the way, My cup it runneth over; And helps me onward day by day, My cup it runneth over.
- 5 In pastures green my steps he leads, My cup it runneth over; With bread of life my spirit feeds, My cup it runneth over.
- 6 He gives me drink from living streams, My cup it runneth over; His love exceeds my wildest dreams, My cup it runneth over.
- 7 He calls me now his own, his bride, My cup it runneth over; And draws me closer to his side, My cup it runneth over.

#### Lead Me, Saviour.

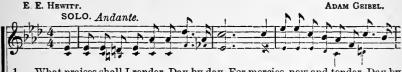




## Tis Burning in My Soul.—concluded. 167



# Day by Day.



What praises shall I render, Day by day, For mercies, new and tender, Day by
 My heart is fill'd with singing, Day by day; The bells of gladness ringing, Day by

2. May I, for others caring, Day by day, My Father's bounty sharing, Day by





day? Sweet flow'rs of peace are growing By fountains freely flowing, Aday; For Jesus walks beside me, To comfort, keep, and guide me, His day, Bring cheer to those repining, Point out the "silver lining," Show



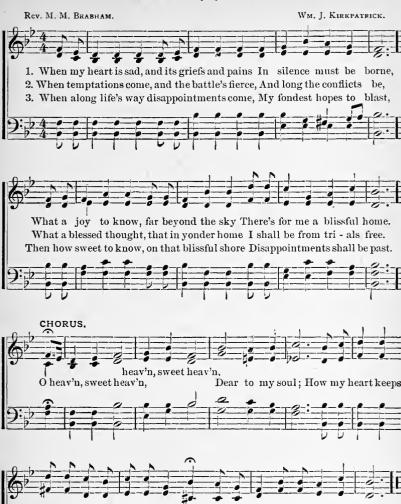


long the path I'm going, Day by day, Along the path I'm going, Day by day, grace is ne'er denied me, Day by day, His grace is ne'er denied me, Day by day, heav'nly sunbeams shining, Day by day,

Show heav'nly sunbeams shining, Day by day.







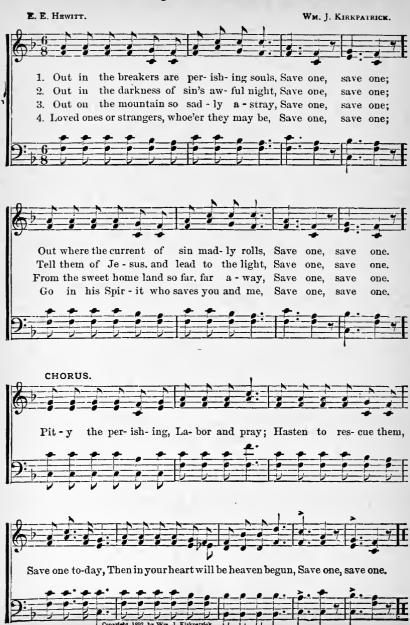
sighing for the happy, sweet rest

Tho' age and want may come, [lone, Beneath the silent tomb, [me down When I reach my happy home.

I shall find in my beauteous home.

<sup>4</sup> Tho' my friends forsake and I'm left a- 5 And when death shall come and I lay

i shall not forget that my Saviour's gone I shall bid adieu to all pain and care, To prepare for me a home.









#### I Love to Tell the Story.

Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.





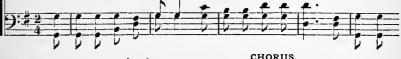
# There's Nower in Jesus' Blood.

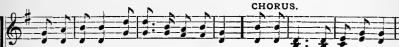






- My happy soul re-joic-es, The sky is bright above; I'll join the
   I heard the blessed sto-ry Of him who died to save; The love of
   His gracious words of pardon Were mu-sic to my heart; He took a-I'll join the
- 4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
- 5. Oh, crown him King forever! My Saviour and my friend; By Zi on's





heav'nly voices, And sing redeeming love. Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.

For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood.

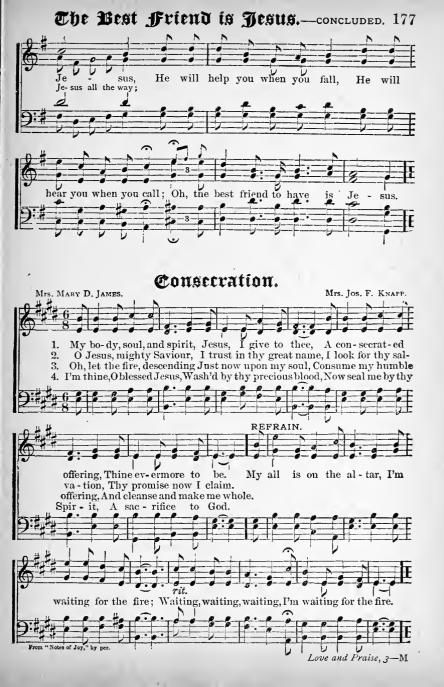
way my burden, And bade my fears depart. Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in it's flow. crystal riv- er His praise shall never end.



Pow'r in Jesus's blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.















#### Taste and See.



# 182 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

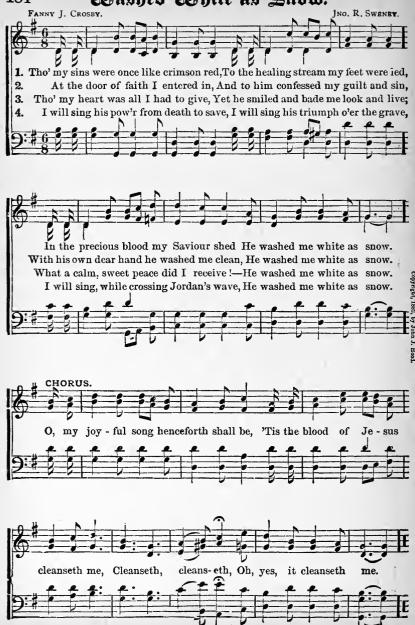


#### When the Bridegroom Comes.









## Drink of the Water of Life.



H. L. GILMOUR. CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. 1. Far a-way from home and mother, Far a-way from peace and God; 2. When they told me she was dy-ing, Not till then would I re-lent; 3. Would that I once more could see her, Or could make her soul a - ware 4. Now my mother's in that cit - y, 'Mid the splendors of the throne, Far from love and pray'r and blessing, In the path of sin With my heart all bruis'd and bleeding, Bit-ter - ly did I That at last I came, re-penting, To the Lord that answers prayer. O- verjoyed when an - gels tell her Je- sus sav'd her wayward son. Oh, how oft I thought of mother, And her pray'rs that God would save, Vain was all im-passioned weeping, Vain my pray'rs her life to save; Oh, what love, what great compassion! He my ma-ny sins for - gave, Oh, what bursts of hal - le - lujahs, When we meet the Lord who gave But my sin-ful heart was burden'd, Till I knelt at mother's grave. In the churchyard she was sleeping, And I knelt at mother's grave. For the sake of Christ my Saviour, When I knelt at mother's grave. Peace and par- don to a wand'rer, When he knelt at mother's grave.



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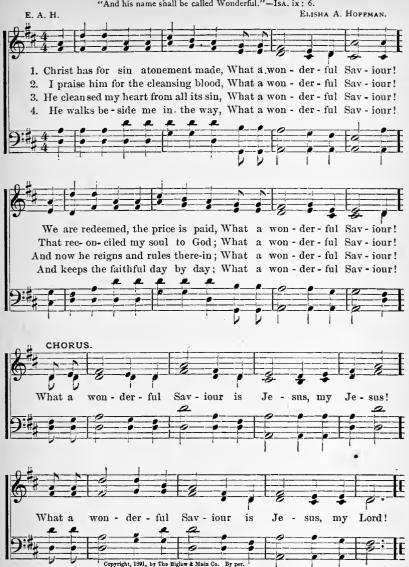






## What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name snall be called Wonderful."-Isa, ix: 6.

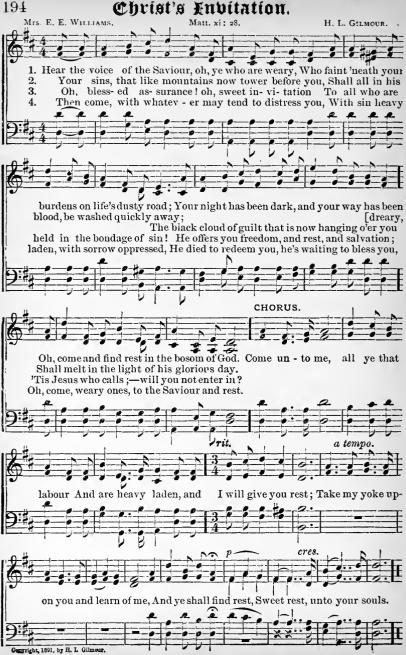


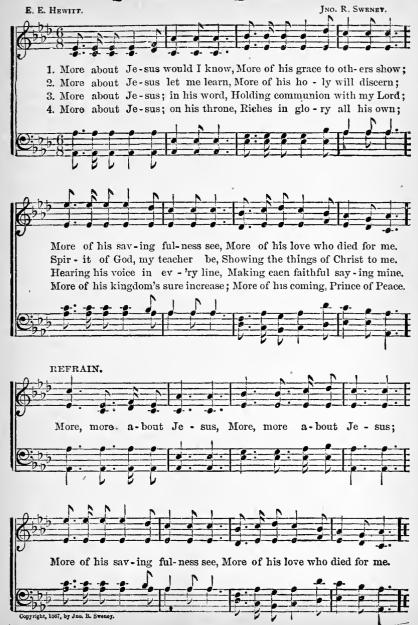
- 5 He gives me overcoming power, What a wonderful Saviour! And triumph in each trying hour; What a wonderful Saviour!
- 6 To him I've given all my heart, What a wonderful Saviour! The world shall never share a part; What a wonderful Saviour!

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Jesus Leads. "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him:
for they know his voice."—John x: 4. JOHN R. CLEMENTS. INO. R. SWENEY. Andante. Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus 1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, leads. 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . 3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . Je- sus leads, Je- sus leads, Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads; . Till we reach you blest a · bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . . . Thro' the war- ings and the strife Je- sus leads, . . . Je - sus leads; . . Je- sus leads. Je- sus leads: If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . Or the flock . 'mid danger feeds, . . All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . . the flock precedes, . . When we reach. the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound -'ry-line re-cedes... If thick mists o'er the way. Or the flock 'mid danger feeds, He will watch them lest they stray, leads. . . Je - sus leads. Je - sus Safe in - to the fold of Je - sus leads, . . Je - sus leads. He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, . . Je - sus leads. Je-sus leads.







"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."-The words of a dying Christian woman.







With the cross of Je - sus Going on be-fore. Marching as to war.



- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain:
  - Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and honor Unto Christ the King,

This through countless ages Men and angels sing.



- Je sus, why decline Love's fond pleadings, heart of thine? 3. Come to
- 4. Come to Je - sus, now re-lent, Come, be - liev-ing - ly re-pent;
- \*5. Hal le lu jah, Je- sus saves! Sing it loud, ye ransomed slaves;



<sup>\*</sup> If sung as a Solo the 5th verse to be sung by Choir and Congregation.

# Choose the Saviour.—concluded. From your life of sin and loss, Weep your way be-neath the cross; He en-lists, but to en-slave; Je-sus woos, and woos to save: Calv'ry, tinged with sacred blood, Now in-vites to heaven and God; Come, submis - sive to his sway, Come, our Cap-tain wins to - day; Calv'ry's vic - tim ev - er wins, Death and hell in mal - ice grins, Choose the Saviour, hear his voice, Come, repent, believe, re-joice. in - to his pierced embrace; Be a sin - ner saved by grace. Hear the in - vi - ta- tion sweet, Come, sur-ren-der at his feet. a cap-tive has been led, Christ has bruised the serpent's head. Sin a brand is snatched away From sin's night to end - less day. 200 Whate'er it Be. ELTA M. LEWIS. "Thy will be done." VM. I. KIRKPATRICK. I take my portion from thy hand, And do not seek to understand; When darkness doth thy face obscure, And many sorrows I endure, When tender joys to me are known, I render thanks to thee a-lone; Thus calmly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt thee not; be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be: CHO.—Whate'er it D.C. Chorus. For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be. I think of Christ's Gethsema-ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be. I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be. Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be. 00 6 . 0 Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Thy love divine

sustaineth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.







. 202

## Deeper Bet .-- concluded.

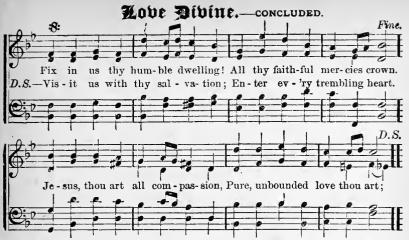


203

## My Beloved and Friend.

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."-Canticles v: 16.

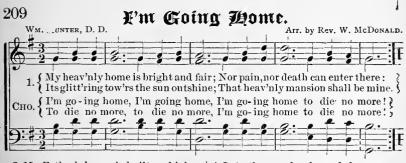
VIRGINIA W. MOYER. H. L. GILMOUR. 1. The world may sing its siren song, May lure where love and laughter blend; Though I may suffer loss and death, No human arm its strength may lend; The judgment has no fears for me, I safe shall be when mountains rend; Fine. It has no charm to win my soul, For Christ my Lover is, and Friend. The bruised reed he will not break, For Christ my Lover is, and Friend. My Lord is my suf - fi - ciency, And he my Lov- er is, and Friend. my inward gaze, My soul's enraptured with the sight. D.S.Oh, Christ is my Beloved and Friend; I lean on him with such delight, The Love Divine. 208 CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8.7. d. 1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! 204



2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing.
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



- 2 My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky: When from this earthly prison free. That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam Although like Lazarus, sick and poor, My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-Be mine a happier lot to own [flow; A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine, All nature sink and cease to be, That heavenly mansion stands for me

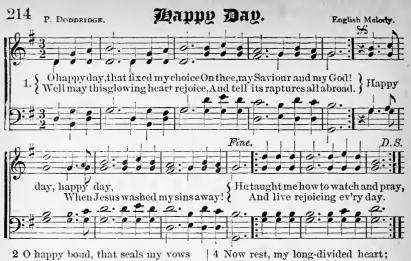
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We still can bear if feeling this, He knows, he knows, he knows!

For though on earth our joy we miss. And know earth's treasures are but drose. And all will prove as gain or loss! He knows, he knows, he knows!





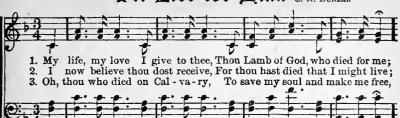
- 2 O happy boud, that seals my vows
  To him who merits all my love!
  Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
  While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine: He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess that voice divine.
- Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
  Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
  With him of every good possessed.
- 5 Highheav'n that heard the solemn vow,
  'That vow renewed shall daily hear,
  Till in life's latest hour I bow,
  And bless in death a bond so dear.



- 3 With gentle hand he leads me still.

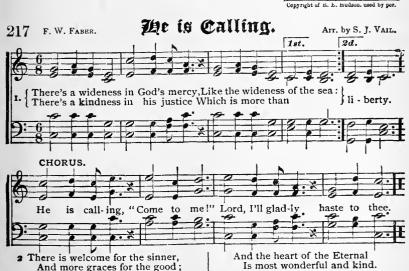
  He came to save me;

  And trusting him I fear no ill
  - And trusting him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
- 4 To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me;
  - To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.



CEO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!





There is mercy with the Saviour; There is healing in his blood. 3 For the love of God is broader

Than the measure of man's mind; Love and Praise, 3-0 209

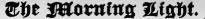
Is most wonderful and kind. 4 If our love were but more simple,

We should take him at his word; And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

## Moment by Moment.









2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

#### 222 Geo. Duffield, Jr. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

Ye soldiers of the eross;
Ye soldiers of the eross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict, In this his glorious day:

"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

#### 223

#### Work, for the Night is Coming.

WOBK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon, Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

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Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow. Where he leads me I will follow,

### Follow all the Way. \_concluded.



I have heard my Saviour calling. "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.



Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

- 4 ||: Tho' the path be dark and dreary,: || 7 ||: I will follow on to know him,: || I'll go with him, with him all the
- 5 ||: Tho' he leads me to the conflict.:|| I'll go with him, with him all the way.
- 6 ||: Tho' he leads through fiery trials,:|| I'll go with him, with him all the way.
- He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
- 8 : He will give me grace and glory,: He will keep me, keep me all the way.
- 9 : O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,: And be with him, with him all the way.

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### The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." D. K. W. JNO. R. SWENEY.

- Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours; Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
- 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,





See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs. But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light. How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day,



- 4 When the shadows fall, And the vesper call
- Is sobbing its low refrain, 'Tis a garland sweet To the toil-dent feet, And an antidote for pain.

- 5 Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more:
- Life's tears shall be wiped away, As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheathes for aye.

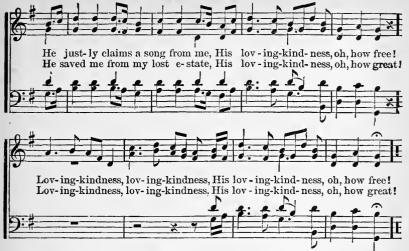
### The Gospel Feast.



- 6 Yepoor, and maimed, and halt, and blind In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- Ye all may come to Christ and live:
- 8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
- 10 His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.

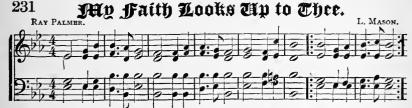






3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes. Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!





- 1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, amd changeless be— Aliving fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
  When death's cold sullen stream
  Shall o'er me roll,
  Blest Saviour! then, in love,
  Fear and distrust remove;
  Oh, bear me safe above—
  A ransomed soul!



216'

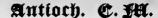
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the rock in which we hide; And bless him 3. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the hope so sure and sweet; And bless him 4. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the guide in days to come; And bless him 4.

### Bless the Lord, my Soul .-- concluded.



- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
  Over life's tempestnous sea;
  Unknown waves before me roll,
  Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
  Chart and compass came from thee:
  Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 When the Apostles' fragilc bark Struggled with the billows dark, On the stormy Galilee, Thou did'st walk across the sea; And when they beheld thy form, Safe they glided through the storm
- 3 As a mother stills her child Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boisterous waves obey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still." Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 4 When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Tear not I will pilet thee."

"Fear not, I will pilot thee."





#### 235 0 for a thousand tongues.

- I O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, bröken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

#### 236 Joy to the world!

- I Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love.

237 The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.

- Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
- 2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A- | men.

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